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IF YOU
REALLY WANT
TO LEND A HAND,
LEND AN ARM.

The Blood Drive



romance

blood

ghost

124 4 7

Chapter 1 by SaintSayaka

My hands work nervously over my information pamphlet as I settle into the metal chair. A couple gives me about two seconds of their attention before returning to their conversation. It seems that a lot of people turned out today. Roscoe would have loved that. I can almost see her, decked in that ridiculously oversized New York Blood Center sweater, eager to get stuck with whatever manner of needles they had in the name of the common good. Blood drive posters and advertisements cover the gym. This has never been something that I particularly like doing - not that I've ever done it. But since she can't, well, I figure someone needs to donate in her place. Even if that someone is me, and it's for the rest of my life. It's the least I can do.

I wonder what she would say about that.

Chapter 2 by Jess Ash



Meanwhile, in the corner of the room, a ghost looks on, pride written all over her transparent features. Moving over to stand by the chair where her best friend was sitting, she hums happily.

"I'm so glad you finally signed up! It's a good thing. donating blood. Did you know..."

She rambles on, stating facts and... See more of Story Wars ...ready knew. She spewed the same facts every time the... I did... she... stop her self. It was habit.

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Her friend doesn't look up, which bothers her. Transparent eyes narrowing, she reaches out to tap her friend's shoulder, but stops herself. She knows how little her friend likes to be touched. That's why she's never signed up before, it invades her personal space.

Still, she can't help but want to thank her friend, make her understand how much this means to her. Her transparent hand reaches out, taps lightly on her shoulder.

To her friend, it feels as though a cold draft has just blown across her shoulder.

Chapter 3 by Jess Ash



I glance up at the icy touch of... something. Quickly, I glance around for the open window, the air conditioning vent, the fan that someone has just turned on.

There is none to be found.

With a sigh and a small shake of my head, I dismiss it. It must be this place giving me the chills. I haven't been here since... since...

I shake my head, dismissing the dark thoughts that are sure to follow. I replace the image of a mangled car, thrown off the road and upside down, with one of a happy, smiling Roscoe.

She'd be right over there, I've just decided, talking to that couple, asking if it's their first time- and reassuring them if it wasn't-when I feel it. Another cold breeze sweeps by me, leaving an icy chill on my shoulder.

I close my eyes. Roscoe would only ever touch me there. She knew I was mistrusting, knew I couldn't stand human contact. But, that's the thing about friendship. Sometimes, she needed the contact to reassure her that everything would be all right. So, she'd rest her hand on my shoulder, just my shoulder, and I'd look her in the eyes and tell her everything was alright.

(The last time I did, it was on the side of the road. They'd cut her from her car, dragged her from that mangled heap of metal onto the fresh green grass. Just looking at her, I already knew.)

I snap my eyes open, hoping to find her in the light. But, it's no use. Every time I close my eyes, I see her through Roscoe's death again.

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The ghost, standing beside her friend, has no idea how to comfort her.

Chapter 4 by Jess Ash



The spirit can see the pain written all over her friend's face. She knows what the other girl is thinking about. It's the very thing that she does her best to ignore.

The invisible form sits in the chair next to her, unsure of what to do. There's nothing she can do to take away this pain. It's going to hurt, no matter what. But she still wants to do something.

"Would it help you to know that it haunts me, too?"

Her friend doesn't acknowledge the words. The invisible form lets out a sigh. She always was hard to reach, preferring to bottle up emotions rather than express them. Honestly, sometimes she thought this girl would be the death of her.

But she did love her, and hated to see her in pain. But her friend needed some space, so that's what she'd give her. If she wanted to open up, she would. The best thing she could do was be here for her friend.

The other girl rubs her arm as goosebumps rise along it.

Write a draft for chapter 5 of 8

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